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commerce, when trade, which is the only source of rapid accumulation, offers the strongest temptations to young men to quit the farm for commercial pursuits,—how necessary is it to spare no pains nor study to render everything about the farm so attractive as to bind men's affections as much as possible to their own paternal acres!"

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ART-STUDENT.

August 15th.—This morning we had a good view of the Scottish coast along the Mull of Galloway. A regular Scotch mist falling, which, with the strong breeze, chilled one to the bone. Along the coast we passed the remains of the wreck of the steamer Princess Royal, and came in sight of Ailsie Craig, a solitary, precipitous rock, rising abruptly out of the ocean, around which myriads of sea-gulls were flying. We next came to the beautiful isle of Arran, passing the ruins of Kildonan Castle, the first ruined castle I ever saw. Along the hill-sides of Arran were patches of cultivation, and small cottages, with an occasional country-seat of some Glasgow resident. There were beautiful combinations of color in these hill-sides, giving evidences of the truth of many similar bits by Hart. Upon the steamer were two blind fiddlers, and a man with a small flute, who played Scotch airs during the whole passage. We had an excellent dinner, as John Bull is a good feeder, and takes care of the creature-comforts on the water as well as the land. Almost everybody drank porter—ladies and all, and I could not help remarking the prevailing rosy tint in the faces at the table; fresh, clear complexions, ruddy cheeks, and all the marks of a good, hearty, physical condition. The only exceptions were our sallow American faces, and one skinny, parchment-like face of a Scotch woman, who, with two children, sat in front of us. I was amused, when she wished a bit of the tongue, at hearing her ask, with her strong Scotch accent, for a *bet o' th' toong*. Scotch caution was also made manifest when the cheese was passed to her, by her remarking that she hoped there were "no flies about there."

Entering the Forth of Clyde, we arrived at Greenock, where we landed and took the railway, as the boat could go no farther until the tide rose. The dock was lined with porters who *silently* solicited employment. I presume they are not allowed to make the outcry they do in our country. It was very amusing to witness their pantomime. One might have concluded that some neighboring deaf and dumb asylum was educating its inmates to the profession of light porters.

August 17th.—At the Inversnaid inn we stopped a few moments, and had a luncheon of nice bread and sweet butter, the like of which I never saw out of Scotland. We then started up the road, and soon lost sight of Loch Lomond. Had the day been a clear one, we would no doubt have had a splendid view to the westward upon reaching the summit of the hill; but the heavy leaden clouds obscured the peaks of the higher mountains. We saw several places where turf had been dug, and quantities of it were stacked up to dry. A mile from the inn we came to Inversnaid Fort in ruins. Along the road were some of the rudest turf-huts I ever saw in pictures: nothing but the smoke issuing from them, would lead a stranger to suppose that anybody used them as abiding-places. Attached to each was a scanty potato patch, enclosed by a rude wicker-work fence, whilst all around stretched the wild, bare moun-

tains, looking unusually desolate in the grey mist. To the eye of an artist it was extremely picturesque; but with any view to comfort or domestic happiness the prospect was a bleak one.

August 18th.—I found a tiny steamer called the *Rob Roy*, which left at nine for the Trosachs. There was an old Scotch piper on board, who played during the trip down, afterwards touching his bonnet all round for pennies. A talkative Scotchman on board pointed out the different localities. Just before reaching the foot of the loch we passed Ellen's isle, made famous by Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*." It is a small, rocky, insignificant island, so near the main shore, that the wonderful feat of young Malcolm Græme, in swimming the distance, instead of accepting the "safe conduct of Rhoderick Dhu," was one that any boy nine years old could do, without puffing. Six good leaps, if the distance was level ground instead of water, would carry one from Ellen's isle to the mainland. Smart young man that Malcolm Græme! Ben Venue, on the other side of the loch, was very grand, however, and after landing from our boat, we scrambled up a path to the top of a rocky promontory, to get a good sight of it. Descending from this we started down the Trosachs, with the expectation of a treat in the way of rugged scenery, for we remember that Sir Walter had said of this pass—

"The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, and battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect."

And also that the outlet was so precipitous, that in olden times the pass could only be reached by a natural ladder, of tree-roots and clambering vines. "Tell it not in Gath!" we passed clean through the Trosachs without knowing it! Where the precipices were, or in what lay its inaccessibility, we could not find out. We ascended a small elevation to the right of the road, where, after luncheon, we made a sketch of Ben Venue, and then started down the road. Seeing a glen to the left, we thought, perhaps, the Trosachs might be there, and accordingly walked over; but it was not as good as the one we came through. We concluded not to "give it up so," and thought by climbing a mountain to our left, we should obtain a fine view of the whole country, and perhaps find the Trosachs yet. We were then on the shores of Loch Achray, near the "*Trosachs Hotel*," from which point we commenced the ascent. Leaving our valises in the bracken-bushes, a short distance up the side, we trudged up to the top, blowing pretty freely by the time we got there. It was a pursuit of the Trosachs under difficulties. The view was splendid, embracing Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and Loch Vennachar, with Ben An, Ben Venue, and a host of other Bens, and the wonderful Trosachs!

"High as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous built on Shinar's plain,"

a few rough, precipitous knolls between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray, through which we had unconsciously passed, with the expectation of finding the grander portions farther on.

Thinking it would not do to climb the mountain for nothing, we sat down and sketched the sharp-peaked Ben An opposite, with a beautiful glimpse of Loch Katrine and mountains beyond; after which we clambered down, got our valises and trudged on, crossing over the Brigg of Turk, mentioned in the "*Lady of the Lake*," a short distance beyond which was

the village of Duinraggan, well-known to the readers of the same poem as the end of the first stage of the fiery cross. Here, in front of a hotel, a party of ladies and gentlemen were amusing themselves upon a bowling green. In the valley below we saw an artist sketching at an easel, with a lady sitting upon the grass reading to him. Farther on we came to the head of Loch Vennachar, by the side of which lay Lanrick mead, where mustered the forces of Clan Alpine. Beyond the country opened into a beautiful valley, cultivated and fenced, with neater cottages than we had seen, and looking a little bit like New England. Callandar lay some two miles off in the valley, and to our right we saw Coilantogle ford, the scene of the combat between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu. The road descended until we came to a stone bridge across a clear stream, from which we had good view of Ben Ledi and surrounding heights. Beyond the bridge a fine avenue of trees led to Callandar, where we arrived about eight, somewhat tired and very hungry. We ordered tea, which we soon sat down to with a relish. In the room were two specimens of Scottish *fast men*—hunting, fishing driving, and drinking men. One spoke of having driven over to Rob Roy's grave yesterday in his carriage, which by-the-way he designated as the *machine*. The only remembrance that he seemed to retain of the time and place was, that the road was a devilish rough one, and he came near breaking one of the springs of the *machine*. Before we got up from tea there came in two others, and sat down for a drinking bout, which is now going on in full tide of successful operation, as I can hear a roaring chorus, accompanied with an energetic beating of time on the table with closed fists. B.

PRIVATE letters and our own correspondence furnish us with the following items of interest:

"PARIS, JANUARY 25, 1857.

"We are passing the usual Paris winter of dull skies and dismal damps, but as yet have no cold weather. The artists are all busy in preparation for the coming exhibition, which promises to be a grand one. Unfortunately, however, it does not open until June 15th, to close August 15th, and the pictures are required to be sent in by the 20th of April. At first, in the month of November last, the papers announced that the exhibition would open in March, to close in May, upon which the artists scolded, grumbled, and finally petitioned to have it take place later, a postponement that was at length acceded to. The grand Agricultural Exhibition, which was to have opened in the latter part of May or first of June, will take place in the latter part of April or first of May, so that, in all events, the pictures must remain hung some weeks before being seen by the public. Both exhibitions will occupy the Palais de l'Industrie. I hope to be successful enough to have some pictures received at the French Exhibition, although I believe they are pretty strict. At the Grand Exhibition of 1855 the foreign pictures were received by an easy jury of the country from which the pictures came; had it been otherwise we might have seen fewer poor pictures in the American department.

"Death has made a number of visits to the artist ranks here, taking off within the past year or so, Delaroche, Stuben, Chasseriau, Ziegler, Hildebrandt, Roqueplan, and some others. In February we are to have an exhibition of the works of Delaroche, which will be very interesting, as his works have never been publicly exhibited in France since 1835. Eugene Delacroix has just been elected *membre de l'Institut*, in place of Delaroche.

"The artists do not like the regulations of the government relative to the coming exhibition, by which only three 1st class, six 2d class, and twelve 3d class medals, will be given, and they are right, I think, for it might as well be stated before a battle that there would be so many medals for daring feats, when perchance there might be fifty feats equally worthy of recompense as those to which the medals should be allotted. Again, in the Exhibition there will be pictures worthy of medals by artists who have already received them in former times; therefore, what will be done? The directors must recognize artists worthy of it; they cannot be partial to those who, having received before, deserve it again, and yet they insist in giving a very limited number. Their dilemma is like the drunken man holding on to the lamp-post; if he held on he would freeze to death, and if he let go he would tumble into the dock and drown."

A FRIEND in Europe sends us a number of items of Art gossip, translated for THE CRAYON:

"Here, in —, we are all very busy. Mr. P—, whose urbanity to all travellers is so proverbial, as well as so warmly appreciated, is fully occupied with his beloved Art. He has painted a number of duplicates of his celebrated picture of the 'Angel's Visit,' for all of which full prices have been deservedly obtained. Mr. P— is at present engaged upon a large canvas, called 'The Citizen's Soul.' The treatment of the subject is peculiar, being designed somewhat after the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, except that the citizen is not like the saint, represented as transfixed upon a gridiron, and there is no fire in the picture. On the contrary, he rests tranquilly upon a Greek couch, his face is concealed by drapery, giving a mystic sentiment to the picture, and over him is a broad glare of light, rendered highly effective by an arrangement of purple curtains around the bed. In the centre of this radiance is a small object, scarcely visible, which the artist says is the soul growing smaller and smaller as it recedes away, to be finally lost in the distance, *i. e.*, speaking pictorially. The Germans here do not understand the motive of this work, which is very odd, considering the ideal character and tendencies of this metaphysical people. The picture has been purchased by a wealthy young American on account of the strong resemblance to his grandfather which the figure possesses.

"Among other artists here I would especially mention the eccentric D—t. His indifference for society is just as marked as P—'s love for it. But D—t has an earnest manner, and he overcomes a commission upon the very first introduction. He spends all his time in his studio, but what he is doing nobody knows. His productions impress you with a certain kind of dreamy vagueness, which may be, perhaps, attributed to his knowledge of the German language, or to a fund of poetical quotation, both original and translated, which he constantly gives out, thereby revealing the tone of his ideal imaginings. It would be useless to describe the subjects of any of his works, for they are so treated that they must be seen in order to be understood.

"One of us' is a rich jovial amateur, named F—y, from whose hands works are constantly sent forth unfinished. Notwithstanding this they are remarkably suggestive of genius. If his hands could only rival the dictates of his heart, our snug little town would not be large enough to contain his productions. Nobody buys his paintings, whether in his own possession or after he has given them away. I thought I saw a lot a

few days since in the hands of a man here, who acts as an agent for the jewellers in your city who trade in Art. I may have been mistaken; at all events, they cannot be sold unless they are finished. I suppose the agent can find some one to do that satisfactorily to the trade.

"T—m is a young sculptor, seized with the Pre-Raphaelite mania. In a spirit of true faith he has just modelled a lame man. He picked up his subject in the 'highways and by-ways,' because he was the first man he encountered that would pose for him at a low rate (T—m is obliged to be economical). When his model was completed in clay, H—, our most distinguished sculptor, who takes a pride in the encouragement of young genius, called to see the performance. He praised it as remarkably truthful, but doubted if such a subject would find a purchaser. T—m said that was no fault of his; 'people must learn to love truth.'

"The most exciting circumstance, however, of our Art sphere lies in the fact of Q—p having a picture on his easel (perhaps, on his wall; not being permitted to enter his studio, I can't tell which), that he has been engaged upon some years. Rumor says it is a development of Art upon an entirely new principle. He has invited a clergyman, a doctor, a lawyer, and the lady correspondent of an American newspaper, to visit his studio, and see the pictorial principle. I understand they are all delighted except the lawyer (whom I am acquainted with), and he is *non com.** in the matter, for the reason, as he says, 'that he knows nothing about Art, any way.' We are all in high glee at Q—p's success. As soon as he allows us artists to see his work, we mean to get up an institution, make him president, and appoint the clergyman as chaplain, which, by the way, is an office that should be attached to every Art-institution, if for no other reason than to symbolize in modern times the paternal solicitude of the church for Art in the middle ages.

"There are still a number of interesting incidents, but time warns me to close if this is to go by the steamer. So far off from tide water, you are aware, we can take no liberties.

"Yours, P."

The following account of an artist's and amateur's social gathering in London will, to those interested in clubs, etc., devoted to similar ends, serve as a useful hint. The writer says, in the letter we extract from:

"These *conversazioni* seem to be established mostly by amateurs with a view to social enjoyment, as well as for the encouragement of Art and the development of a taste for Art. There is always a fine suite of rooms provided, well ventilated, and so arranged as to exhibit the works of artists to the best advantage. There is a refreshment-room, and sometimes a lecture-room connected with the hall in which the company assemble; the refreshments are of the simplest kind. The lecture is always short, and upon some interesting subject appertaining to Art. (These *conversazioni* are generally full-dress gatherings, and ladies form an important part.) There is a screen arranged expressly to show sketches on, easily removed when not in use, extending all around the large hall, upon which are placed two or three rows of sketches. The works of each artist are kept by themselves, and a large card with his name on, is attached to each group; thus at a glance enabling visitors to see who have contributed to their entertainment. Down through the

middle of the rooms are tables upon which are placed a kind of rack or easel, on which are exhibited both sketches and pictures, always arranged with great taste and care, the contributors having the privilege of arranging their own works. Sometimes the most beautiful pictures are arranged on easels. In addition to these, portfolios are so placed as to be looked over to the best advantage. I do not know what arrangement is made for defraying the expenses of the society, but I presume it is borne by members. In the winter season these meetings take place once a month. The most distinguished artists contribute, also people possessing beautiful pictures. In such cases the names of the contributors are given as well as the artist's. Invitations to these gatherings are always extended to such persons as may be considered desirable for the interest of the society, for which cards are issued, and great strictness is observed in regard to admissions, a book being kept at the door in which visitors' names are entered. The benefits of such *conversazioni* can be easily imagined."

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1857.

Our friends will please observe, that on and after this date the Publishing and Editorial Offices of THE CRAYON are located at No. 313 BROADWAY, N. Y. Having made arrangements with Mr. W. HOLLINGSWORTH to manage the business department of THE CRAYON, all letters and communications pertaining to the business matters of THE CRAYON are to be addressed to him: letters upon editorial business to be directed to the undersigned as hereafter. In both cases our friends will oblige us by adding the words "care of THE CRAYON" to the respective addresses.

For the convenience of residents in the upper part of the city, an office for subscriptions, etc., will be continued at the Book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTIAN, of whom the numbers can be procured as issued.

Wholesale agents, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann street.

J. DURAND,

Editor and Proprietor.

New York, April 1st, 1857.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE has signified her intention to give the proceeds of one evening's reading of Shakespeare to the Boston Art Club, which intention, we presume, will have been carried out before this number leaves the press. The effect of this generous action upon the public will be advantageous to the Club. The sympathy of genius always quickens the tardy sympathies of the public, which too frequently needs the stimulus of mediatory acts like this one.

THE above allusion to the Boston Art Club here affords us an opportunity to publish a letter from Boston with an anonymous signature, containing many plain truths on the philosophy of lecturing. We allow the writer to speak for himself:

Boston, March, 1857.

Dear Crayon:

The experiment of a course of Art lectures has been put to a test in Boston the past season, and with such equivocal success as to be little better than a failure. Pecuniarily they were certainly such, for the Art Club, under whose direction they were given, have disbursed some two or three hundred dollars that have brought no return. This has been owing partly to the disadvantages that accrued from the course commencing too late in the season; partly to their bad luck in the weather, which prevented the sale of tickets at the door, and to the happening of great rival attractions on the same evenings; but

* *Non committal*, we presume our correspondent means.